THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 23, 1805.

Account of the Siege of Vienna by the Turks, in 1683, and of the Defeat of the Ottoman Forces by John Sobieski the First, King of Poland.

(Continued from Page 992.)

AT length the king reached the banks of the Danube, which it was impossible to pass by the bridges of Vienna, in sight of the enemy. He therefore marched to Tuln, a small town on the right side of the river, five leagues above Vienna. Leopold had wrote to John, that the bridge at Tuln was finished, whereas they were now at work upon it. The same letter told him, that he would find the German troops assembled in readiness; but he saw only the duke of Lorrain's little army, and two battalions that guarded the head of the bridge. At this sight, he broke out into a passion: "Does the emperor take me for an adventurer? I have left my own army, because he assured me that his was ready. Is it for myself, or him, that I come to fight?" The duke, whose prudence was equal to his valour, pacified his indignation.

The Polish army was left at a great distance; and yet, to the astonishment of every one, it arrived before the Germans. The quickness of its march did great honour to the grand-general Jablonowski, who made his appearance on the fifth of September. The German generals, leaving their troops behind, were come to attend the king, and could not help expressing some disquiet at the great day that was approaching: "Consider," says the king, "the general you have to deal with, and not the multitude that he commands. Which of you, at the head of two hundred thousand men, would have suffered this bridge

to be built within five leagues of his camp? The man has no capacity."

The Polish army was by this time passing the bridge. The cavalry was universally admired for their horses, their dress, and fine appearance; but they seemed to be fitted out at the expence of the foot. One battalion among the rest being remarkably ill clad, Prince Lubomiski advised the king, for the honour of the nation, to let it pass in the night. The king was of a different opinion; and, when the battalion was crossing the bridge, "Look at it well," said he to the spectators; "it is an invincible body, that has sworn never to wear any clothes but what it takes from the enemy. In the last war they were all clad in the Turkish manner." If this encomium did not furnish them with clothes, it certainly armed them with cuirasses.

The Poles, when they had crossed the bridge, extended themselves upon the right, and were exposed, for twenty four hours together, to be cut in pieces, if Kara Mustapha had known how to make the most of his advantages. At length, the bodies of German troops arrived, one after another, and the whole Christian army was assembled by the 7th, to the amount of seventy-four thousand men.

From the camp at Tuin, they heard the horrid roar of the Turkish batteries. Vienna was reduced to the last extremities, and many officers of the first merit had lost their lives. The grave continued open, without ever closing its mouth. The dysentery, a disorder as destructive as the sword, carried off sixty persons in a day. Staremberg himself was attacked by it. There were not more than three or four officers left to a battalion; most of these were wounded; and almost all the chief officers were gone. The soldiers, worn out with fatigue and bad diet, could scarce crawl to the beach; and those who escaped the fire of the enemy died of weakness. The citizens, who at first partook in all the labours of the siege, had recourse to prayer, as their only defence, and ran in crowds to the churches, where the bombs and balls carried terror after them.

The duke of Lorrain had just received a letter from Staremberg, who, in the beginning of the siege, had the firmness, and even confidence, to write, "I will not surrender the place, but with the last drop of my blood." At present, he had scarce a glimpse of hope remaining. His letter contained only these words: "No more time to lose, my lord, no more time to lose."

The stupid inaction of Kara Mustapha cannot be accounted for. It is certain, that, if at this time, he had made a general attack, Vienna must have fallen. But avarice extinguished the thunder he held in his hand. He entertained a notion, that the place of residence of the emperors of Germany must contain immense treasures; and he was afraid, that he should lose his imaginary wealth by

by the city's being pillaged, as it inevitably would be, if taken by storm. He chose therefore to stay 'till the place surrendered; an event which, he continued to flatter himself, would happen every minute. Nor did his presumption contribute less to blind him, than his avarice. He jested at the weakness of the Christian army, which he thought, still weaker than it was; and could not suppose it would have the boldness to come and attack him. His intelligence was so bad, that he was still ignorant of King John's having marched in person. Of all the princes in the league, the vizir dreaded him the most; and we shall soon see, that he had reason.

The king, when he was just going to march, gave out the order of battle, writ with his own hand; the following is a copy of it, as found among his manuscripts:

" THE center is to consist of the imperial troops, to which we shall add the regiment of cavalry belonging to the Chevalier Lubomirski, marshal of the court, and four or five squadrons of our horse-guards; in the room of which we expect to have dragoons, or other German troops. This body is to be commanded by the duke of Lorrain.

" The Polish army, commanded by the grand-general Jablonowski, and the other generals of that nation, is to make the right wing.

" The troops belonging to the electors of Bavaria and Saxony are to be placed on the left wing; to which we shall add also some squadrons of our horse-guards, and other Polish cavalry; instead of which they are to give us dragoons or foot.

" The cannon is to be divided; and, in case the electors have not enough, the duke of Lorrain is to furnish them with some of his. This wing is to consist entirely of the troops belonging to the electors.

" The troops of the circles of the empire are to extend along the Danube, with the left wing, inclining a little towards the right; and this for two reasons: first, to keep the enemy in alarm, for fear of being charged in flank; and, secondly, to be in readiness to throw succours into the city, in case we should not make an impression upon the enemy so soon as we hope. This body is to be commanded by the prince of Waldec.

" The first line is to consist wholly of foot, with artillery, and to be followed close by a line of horse. If these two lines were to be mixed, they would embarrass each other in passing the defiles, woods, and mountains: but, as soon as we enter the plain, the cavalry is to take post in the intervals between the battalions, which shall be left for that purpose. This order is to be observed particularly by our own horse-guards, which shall charge first.

" If we draw up all our troops in three lines only, we shall take up more than a German league and a half, which would not be for our advantage; and, besides, we must, in this case, pass the little river of Vien, which ought to be left on our right. We must therefore make four lines; and the fourth will serve for a body of reserve.

" For the greater security of the infantry against the first attack of the Turkish horse, which is always very warm, great use might be made of spancheraistres, or chevaux de frize; but they must be very light, in order to be carried conveniently, and, as often as the battalions halt, to be placed at their head.

" I make it my earnest request to all the generals, that, as fast as the army comes down the last mountain to enter upon the plain, they will each take his post according to the directions given in this present order."

They had only a march of five leagues to get at the Turks, who were separated from them by nothing but a chain of mountains. Across these there lay two roads, one over the highest part of the ridge; the other in a place where the hills were lower, and the passage more easy. The council of war, being assembled, was for taking the latter; but the king determined upon the former, which was much shorter; nor did any of the princes murmur, because he convinced them, that the fate of Vienna depended upon a single moment; and that there are cases when expedition ought to be preferred to caution.

The 9th of September the whole army was in motion. The Germans, after several attempts to draw up their cannon, despaired of succeeding, and left them in the plain. The Poles were more indefatigable; for Konski, palatine of Kiovia, grand master of the artillery, got over twenty-eight pieces, and none but these were fired on the day of battle.

This march, which was incumbered with all sorts of difficulties, continued for three days. Two of them passed, without the king's being seen by his Polish army, which begun to demand where he was, with the utmost anxiety. It appeared, that he had been among the troops of the empire, employed in raising their courage.

The army at length drew near to the last mountain, called Calemberg.

From the top of this hill, the Christians were presented, about an hour before night, with one of the finest and most dreadful prospects of the greatness of human power; an immense plain, and all the islands of the Danube, covered with pavillions, whose magnificence seemed rather calculable for an incampment of pleasure, than the hardships of war; an innumerable

merable multitude of horses, camels, and buffaloes; two hundred thousand men, all in motion; swarms of Tartars dispersed along the foot of the mountain in their usual confusion; the fire of the besiegers incessant and terrible, and that of the besieged such as they could contrive to make; in fine, a great city, distinguishable only by the tops of the steeples, and the fire and smoke that covered it.

The besieged were immediately apprized by signals of the approach of the army to their relief. To have an idea of the joy that the city felt, a person must have suffered all the extremities of a long siege, and be destined with his wife and children to the sword of a merciless conqueror, or to slavery in a foreign country. But this gleam of transport was soon succeeded by fear. Kara Mustapha, with such an army, had still reasons to expect success, though he did not deserve it. The king, who was examining his dispositions, said to the German generals; "This man is badly encamped; he knows nothing of war; we shall certainly beat him;" words, which must not be considered as an oracle thrown out at random, with a view of inspiring confidence. It is well known that Marshal Villars, then ingloriously employed in the Cevennes, foretold the defeat of Tallard, from the bad disposition of his troops, at the battle of Hochstet; and every general who cannot prophecy in the same manner, ought to give up his command.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS *of the* LIFE *of* LORD NELSON.

(Continued from Page 984.)

IN the year 1790, when the dispute arose relative to Nootka Sound, he left his retirement, and offered his services; but his endeavours to get actively employed were ineffectual 'till the 30th of January, 1793, when Captain Nelson was appointed to the Agamemnon, of 64 guns, in a manner which considerably soothed his feelings, indignant as he was at the coolness with which his offers of service had previously been received.

Of this ship's company, a great part was raised in the neighbourhood of Burnham Thorpe. The general opinion of his conduct and abilities as an officer was such, that gentlemen were desirous to place their sons under his command, and some obtained the favour: among those whom he obliged was the Rev. Mr. Bolton, his relation, and the Rev. Mr. Hoste, and Witherhead, who were permitted to enter their sons midshipmen on board the Agamemnon. It has been justly observed, if these gentlemen wished to give their sons an insight into their profession,

sion, founded upon practice and example, they could not have selected a fitter master.

"The unbounded confidence reposed by Lord Hood in Captain Nelson, while he commanded the Agamemnon, sufficiently manifests the high opinion he entertained of his courage and ability to execute the arduous services with which he was entrusted. Scarcely a Gazette appeared but it contained an account of some service performed, some gallantry displayed, or some enterprize undertaken by the brave captain and crew of the Agamemnon. If a ship was to be cut out of a harbour, or a battery to be dismounted, Horatio Nelson was invariably foremost on the occasion, placing himself in the hottest of the battle, and exposing his person to the same risks as the meanest seaman. Such voluntary contempt of danger is, perhaps, not always prudent or justifiable in a commander, but it is certainly generous and often successful. Men will exert themselves more and with greater alacrity, when they find that nothing more is required on the one hand than is submitted to on the other, and great advantages will counter-balance great hazard. Accordingly, before he quitted his old ship, it was justly observed, that he had not only fairly worn her out, but had also exhausted himself and his ship's company. These habits of active service seemed to have had the effect of bracing his originally delicate constitution, and enabling him to support such excessive fatigue.

"In the operations against Bastia and Calvi, in the island of Corsica, in 1794, Lord Hood bore ample testimony to the skill and unremitting exertions of Captain Nelson. During the memorable siege of the former, he commanded a brigade of seamen on shore, at the batteries, having the Captains Hunt, Sericold, and Bullen, under his orders; and on this occasion he gave distinguished proofs of zeal and intrepidity. In his public dispatch, relating the capture of this important fortress, he thus expresses himself:—'Captain Nelson of his majesty's ship Agamemnon, who had the command and direction of the seamen, in landing the guns, mortars, and stores, and Captain Hunt, who commanded at the batteries, very ably assisted by Captain Bullen and Captain Sericold, and the Lieutenants Gore, Hotham, Stiles, Andrews, and Brisbane, have an ample claim to my gratitude; as the seamen, under their management, worked the guns with great judgement and alacrity; never was a higher spirit or greater perseverance exhibited; and I am happy to say, that no other contention was at any time known, than who should be most forward and indefatigable in promoting his majesty's service: for though the difficulties they had to struggle with were many and various, the perfect harmony and good-humour that universally prevailed throughout the siege, overcame them all.'

"Calvi was the next point of attack. At the siege of that place, in the months of July and August, 1794, Captain Nelson likewise distinguished himself in a brilliant manner, when commanding an advanced battery of seamen on shore. It was on this occasion that he had the misfortune to lose the sight of his right eye, in consequence of a shot from one of the enemy's batteries striking against that which he commanded, and driving some particles of sand with prodigious force against his face. For his important services in the reduction of Corsica, Captain Nelson, in common with the rest of the officers and seamen, received the thanks of both houses of parliament.

"In the month of October, 1794, Lord Hood left the Mediterranean, and the command devolved on admiral, now Lord Hotham, who honoured Captain Nelson with the same confidence as his predecessor. He distinguished himself in the actions with the French fleet on the 13th and 14th of March, 1795, when the Ca-ira, of 80 guns, and the Censeur, of 74, fell prizes to British prowess, and on the 13th of July, when the Alcide, of 74 guns, was taken and blew up."

Soon after this he was detached with a small squadron from the Mediterranean fleet, by means of which he swept the adjacent coasts of the enemy, and cut out nine ships belonging to the French from the bays of Alassio and Anguelia, in the neighbourhood of Vado.

When the viceroy of Corsica (Sir Gilbert Elliot, now Lord Minto), foreseeing the approaching evacuation of that island, thought fit to seize on the Isle of Elba, he was employed for this purpose; and having first effected a landing, and then placed the Captain, of 74 guns, within half a pistol shot of the grand bastion, the governor consented to a capitulation, and the town of Porto-Ferrajo, with one hundred pieces of cannon, was immediately surrendered.

In December, 1796, Captain Nelson was gratified for his services by the permission of hoisting a broad pendant as commodore on board La Minerve, in which frigate he captured La Sabina, a forty-gun ship. Of the enemy one hundred and sixty-four were killed and wounded, while the loss was only forty-one on board his own vessel. Soon after this he descried the Spanish fleet, and immediately steered with the intelligence to the squadron commanded by Sir John Jervis, who by his conduct on that day (February 14, 1797) merited and acquired the title of Earl of St. Vincent.

Having in our Entertainer for the 2d of December detailed the gallant and skilful conduct of Lord Nelson in the action of February 14, 1797, it is unnecessary to repeat the account here, and we shall therefore content ourselves with subjoining a few additional particulars.

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The Spanith three decker had scarcely submitted to the successful Nelson, and himself returned on board the San Nicholas, when the latter ship was discovered to be on fire in two places. At the first moment appearances were alarming; but the presence of mind, and resources of the commodore and his officers, in this emergency, soon got the fire under.

A signal was immediately made by the Captain for boats to assist in disentangling her from the two prizes; and as she was incapable of farther service until refitted, the commodore again hoisted his pendant, for the moment, on board La Minerve frigate; and in the evening shifted it to the Irresistible, Captain Martin; but as soon as the Captain was refitted, he re-hoisted his pendant on board the latter ship.

For such distinguished gallantry on the 14th of February, he received the insignia of the Bath, and a gold medal from his sovereign, and was also presented with the freedom of the city of London.

The following extracts from letters written soon after the period of this victory, to a friend in England, shew, in a striking manner, that temper of mind which he has ever displayed in his actions. The first is dated "Irresistible, off Lagos Bay, March 16th." In this he says: "I am here looking for the viceroy of Mexico, with three sail of the line, and I hope to meet him. Two first rates and a seventy-four are with him, but the larger the ships the better the mark. The Spanish fleet is in Cadiz; the officers hooted and pelted by the nobility. Their first report was, the action happening on a foggy day, when the fog cleared up they only saw fifteen sail of the line, therefore concluded, at least, five of our's were sunk in the action. My usual good fortune attended me, which I know will give you and my other friends satisfaction." In the second, dated "Captain, off Cadiz, April 10," he thus expresses himself: "Many thanks for your most kind congratulations on our success; but I hope the good people of England will have something else to talk about—more recent victories; for if our ships are but carried close by the officers, I will answer for a British fleet being always successful. The Spaniards threaten us they will come out and take their revenge; the sooner the better, but I will not believe it 'till I see it; and if they do, what will the mines of Mexico and Peru signify compared with the honour I doubt not we shall gain by fighting an angry don; they will have 30 sail of the line, we 20, or 22, but I fear we shall have a peace before they are ready to come out."

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(To be continued.)

Sketch

Sketch of the Character of General William Eaton.

[From the Albany Regiſter.]

THIS American general, who lately led the army from Egypt through the deserts of Africa, against Tripoli, is about 44 years of age, of middling stature and dark complexion. He is by nature and by education, a soldier: has a countenance bold and undaunted; a constitution robust and confirmed by exercises and fatigues, and courage of that determined and invincible kind, which, even amongst Americans, or republicans of any age or clime, would be esteemed extraordinary.—He was born at Ashford, in Connecticut; in 1776, at the age of 15, he enrolled his name among the soldiers of freedom, and served during the revolution, under the famous Captain Dana (now a brigadier-general in the county of Schoatrie, in the state of New-York), and under this brave and experienced veteran, General Eaton learned the use of valour and the art of war. At the dawn of peace, he applied himself to study, to pursue and explore those grand objects, which the force of his untutored genius presented imperfectly to his eager view, and which he knew could not be comprehended, attained or enjoyed, but with the aid of education. The lucubrations of seven years, acquired Mr. Eaton the diploma of bachelor of arts, at Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, in 1790.

Our scholar now put off the gown, and returned to the camp with a commission of captain. He fought under St. Clair, at the battle of Miami, and proved his accomplishments and courage worthy of distinction. Captain Eaton was sent by President Washington, as consul to Tunis, on the coast of Barbary, in Africa, where during their menacing attitudes and insolent pretensions in 1801, the consul supported the dignity and interest of the American nation, and held, amidst a despotic court, a language not heard on those degenerated shores, since the fall of Cato and the Roman republic*. When a rupture with Tripoli was inevitable, the consul suggested a co-operation with Sadi Lamen Caramanh, the late bashaw of Tripoli, who had been dethroned and expelled by his brother, the present bashaw; he negociated to this effect with the ex-bashaw, and returned to the United States, where, after having matured his plan, and effected his arrangements, with the sanction of government, and the benedictions of his country, he departed, in July, 1804, from Washington, in the American squadron destined to humble Tripoli, and liberate our fellow-citizens holden in slavery, or to enforce the ancient Roman threat, "Delenda est Carthago." He

* The dialogue between the consul, the bey of Tripoli, and his prime minister, on the 18th of June, 1801.

landed at Alexandria, in Egypt, in December last, and collecting a small army, with the assistance of the ex-bashaw, then there, accompanied by a few volunteer American officers, led his little band along the coast of the Mediterranean sea, through the desert of Barca, and astonished Africa, after a repose of twelve centuries, from the time of Belisarius, again beheld a conqueror, come to reap her laurels, and subdue her power upon those fields where the Scipios and the Roman legions, against Hannibal and the Carthagenian bands, contended for the empire of the world. Let Africa beware! America has her legions and her Scipios; but she has no Hannibal, no bands.

There are some anecdotes related of the general, which discover the loftiness of his mind, under various circumstances.

Soon after his appointment to a captaincy in the United States' army, he paid his addresses to an amiable young widow (his present wife) who, though admiring the candour of the soldier and the merits of the man, would not grant her hand to his solicitations, but upon condition of his leaving the army. Placed thus in the alternative of affection or of fame, the gallant young officer, without hesitation which to prefer, to the tender proposition, nobly replied, "Madam, I love you much, but I love glory more?" and with a bow returned to the camp. The Scythian, in his very retreat had launched an effectual arrow; and when our young hero rallied, and in due time returned to the charge, the lady surrendered unconditionally.

In June, 1801, a magazine of the bashaw of Tripoli took fire, and consumed 50,000 stand of arms, to replace which, the insolent pirate demanded tributes of arms from other nations, whom he styled his friends. He observed that he had apportioned them amongst his friends, and required the United States to furnish him with 10,000 stand, and requested Consul Eaton to state his demand to the United States. The consul refused. He was required to write officially, in his own name, to the president, for the arms, and refused; to draft a letter for the bashaw, and refused; and he peremptorily refused to condescend to write any thing countenancing or mentioning the demand. It was determined that resource should be had to menace, force, and every means of despotism, to bend the firm resolution of the consul, and for this trial he was ordered to appear before the bashaw.

As he passed through the palace of the guards, he understood sufficient of their barbarous dialect†, and their conversation, to learn,

† The court language of Tripoli is Italian. The dialect of the army and people, a mixture of Turkish, Morisco, and other languages.

learn, that unless he submitted to terms, he was to be assassinated. Between Mr. Eaton, the bashaw, and the prime minister, an interesting and spirited dialogue ensued. The demands were renewed in various forms; but nothing could change or bow the determination and dignity of the American, who demanded his passport immediately, which the minister refused or hesitated to grant. Driven to the last honourable resort, and having apprehensions for the safety of his life, from the anger and designs of the minister and bashaw, who, by a single stamp or nod, might have decided his fate; the consul, traversing the room with a quick, firm, and open military step, assumed all the imposing majesty of conscious superiority, conscious rectitude, and undaunted courage, his countenance terrible as Mars, and laying his hand upon his sword, again demanded his pass. A paleness overran the countenence of the minister, and a tremor seized his frame, too effeminate to withstand the bold language of an American, and the awful appearance of an angry veteran, and turning to the bashaw, his master, requested that the American consul might receive his pass, which was instantly done. The consul returning through the streets, heard in all mouths, "The American consul is killed!" But Heaven and his valour had preserved the consul for other destinies.

Fable of a new Comedy, entitled "The School for Friends," now performing at Drury-Lane Theatre.

THIS performance is said to be the production of Miss Chambers. The following are the *dramatis personæ*, and plot of the piece:

Lord Belmore	Mr. Elliston
Sir Felix Mordaunt	Mr. Wroughton
Sir Edward Mordaunt	Mr. Dowton
Marlow	Mr. Barrymore
Matthew Daw	Mr. Matthews
Lady Mordaunt	Mrs. Jordan
Lady Courtland	Miss Pope
Emily Courtland	Mrs. H. Siddons
Lucy	Miss Mellon.

Lady Mordaunt is abandoned with her child by her husband, who becomes the dupe of gamblers, and the victim of dissipation. The marriage with his lady is kept a profound secret from his friends, and he allows her a slender annuity in her retirement. To repair his shattered finances, he affects a passion for Lady Courtland, an antiquated and amorous lady of fashion who is the grandmother of Emily. Lord Belmore having become acquainted with the losses of Sir Edward, sets out in

search of him, and finds him at Lady Courtland's, where he banters him on his supposed passion for the old lady, or rather his love for her money, and offers him pecuniary assistance, which he rejects. At this moment Lord Belmore's valet arrives, and informs his master that he has discovered his incomprehensible, who is in obscure lodgings, under the assumed name of Mrs. Hamilton. He informs Sir Edward of his pursuit, and makes him the confident of his amour. This gives rise to much equivoque and perplexity, as the fair incognita turns out to be Sir Edward's own wife, whose exemplary conduct and excellent character produce a reconciliation. Sir Edward's fortune is bettered: he becomes penitent, and the happiness of the parties ensues. Such is the main plot of the play, which is supported by another, in which Lord Belmore and Emily are the principals.

Whatever fair lady may be the authoress of this piece she need not blush to own it. If it be not a perfect model of comedy, if it possess not all the spirit, vivacity, and wit, which constitute the charms of this species of writing, it has much to approve, to interest, and to admire. An excellent moral expressed with force and delicacy, a dialogue often elegant, always neat, and sometimes lively, an interest often warm, and never feeble, are qualities which render it attractive, and will, probably, give it a station of some permanence on the stage. Its effect, however, may be somewhat heightened by compression, and a judicious attention to those very few parts, which are pointed out by that never failing index, the impression made on the audience.

The authoress is not a little obliged to the performers, who exerted themselves in their respective characters with the happiest effect.

The prologue was spoken with much effect by Mrs. H. Siddons; and Matthews delivered a pointed epilogue, in his character of a Quaker, with a countenance so immovable as threw his audience into convulsions of laughter.

Magnanimity of the Emperor Tiberius, as related by Tacitus.

ON the death of his only son Drusus, with whom he appears always to have lived on the terms of parental affection, before the corpse was yet buried, Tiberius entered the senate-house with a firm and erect mien, and reminding the consuls of their dignity, who had quitted their chairs of state in token of grief, he told the assembly, "That he was sensible he might incur blame by appearing before them while the cause of his sor-

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row was so recent; that it was indeed the usual practice for mourners scarcely to be seen by their nearest relations, still less by the public;—a practice he did not mean to censure as unmanly; but that for his own part he sought more effective consolation in the bosom of his fellow citizens." Then, expressing his melancholy feelings on account of the extreme old age of Augusta (Livia), his grand-children's tender years, and his own declining health, he desired that the children of Germanicus, the only hope in the present calamity, might be introduced. The consuls accordingly went out, and, after preparing the youths for the solemn scene, brought them in and placed them before the emperor. He took them by the hand and thus addressed the senate:—"Conscript fathers, these youths, after the loss of their parent, I committed to the care of their uncle, and besought him, though he was not without children of his own, that he would educate them in the same manner as if they were his own blood, and form them to virtue for their own sakes and that of posterity. Now that Drusus, too, is taken away from them, I turn to you, and adjure you, by the sacred names of the gods and your country, that you would receive to your bosoms these descendants of Augustus, these youths of the noblest blood. Take them, be their guardians, supply both my place and your own. These, Nero and Drusus, are henceforth to be regarded by you as your parents.—Your birth and rank are such, that nothing good or evil can happen to you but at the same time it must affect the commonwealth."

The historian tells us that the whole assembly burst into tears, intermixed with the most ardent vows for the prosperity and welfare of the illustrious brothers committed to their charge. Their father, Germanicus, had been the favourite of the whole Roman people; and if genuine natural sensations can ever be excited in a political assembly, the present scene was surely calculated to awaken them. That Tiberius was a hypocrite in this most solemn and well supported piece of action is scarcely credible; nor can it easily be shewn what motive he could have to become such. Many instances of his right feeling are given by the same historian in the annals of the early part of his reign, and it was only under the influence of jealousy and suspicion that he acted the tyrant.

On the Power of the Nerves, in the Economy of the Horse.

[From Mr. Wilkes's Encyclopædia Londinensis, Article Farriery, Vol. vii. p. 234.]

NERVE is the organ of sense and touch whereby those sensations called pain and pleasure, with all the concomitant

or

or intermediate affections, are communicated to the censorium of the living animal. These nerves consist of a series of beautiful white cords, which proceed from the cerebrum, cerebellum, and spinal marrow, and are spread over all parts of the body, by filiments and ramifications. Each nervous cord may be considered as a membranous vessel, the cavity of which is filled by a great number of longitudinal septa, and by medullary filaments which lie between the septa. The whole of the nerves, therefore, arise from one common source, namely, the medullary substance; and are interwoven in every muscle, vessel, and bone, and thus unite the consent of parts in every animal body, so as to produce an uniform and vigorous mode of action, whensoever needful, for the various purposes to which animal life is occasionally directed. By means of this curious and delicate organization, the nerves are highly susceptible of impressions from various stimuli, which are instantaneously transmitted to the central part, the *censorium commune*. Hence it is, that when the horse is struck with the whip, or pierced by the spur, as a stimulant to greater action, the stroke does not affect that part only on which it is applied, but operates to the production of a greater degree of fresh vigour, in every other part of the animal system.

An hypothesis has been hazarded by the late ingenious C. V. de Saintbel, professor in the veterinary college of London, upon the principles of his countryman M. Bourgelat, which, from its novelty in England, has also been insisted upon by some subsequent writers on farriery; namely, "that the superior speed and action of a horse must depend on the true geometrical construction of the various parts of the body." We cannot, however, for a moment, admit the fact. That a due and proper conformation of the parts in the structure of a horse, is indispensable for the production of external beauty, every one will allow; and that such conformation might also be favourable to the gift of speed, will not altogether be denied. But experience continually shows that horses coarsely made, and without the smallest pretence to exact geometrical symmetry, often do and will beat others, no matter how much more elegantly formed, or howsoever commensurate to Bourgelat's rules of mechanical structure, both in running and leaping, and in all the paces which constitute what is termed good action. Just so, in our own species, we see men coarsely made, of unfavourable aspect, and ill-shapen limbs, often excel others in athletic exercises, and in feats of bodily skill and exertion, who are more elegantly proportioned, and who possess a more interesting exterior. Here the principle of geometrical proportion seems contradicted by obvious fact. How, then, are we to account for these circumstances of superiority over one another in the same class of animals, and in the same state of training and

of health? We say, that it depends on a superior degree of strength and spirit, originating from a greater compactness of bone, and from a superior flow of the nervous fluid, which not only gives vigour and energy to the muscles, but constitutes that invincible character called courage, which impels both man and horse, of whatsoever make, to the achievement of great and noble actions, which all are ready to admire, but which few can imitate.

Sainbel's hypothesis of the necessity of true geometrical proportion for the acquisition of superior speed, is neatly refuted by the editors of the Monthly Review, N. S. vol. viii. p. 469; who, after stating the proportions insisted upon by that author, and comparing them with the structure of the famous horse Eclipse, as set down likewise by Sainbel himself, have deduced, from his own words, "that this universal victor, of unequalled speed, had not one true proportion of a good horse about him! —an awkward discovery for the comparative anatomist to reconcile with that which he has stated above."

Experiments on the bones of horses were made by the late Sir Paulet St. John, bart of Dogsmersfield Park near Odiham in Hampshire, where the veterinary society of London first took its rise. That respectable baronet, with a view to discover the reason why a high bred horse should possess more real strength than a cart-horse, contrived to load the cannon-bone of each horse at their respective extremities, the centres being placed on the edge of a bar of iron; when he observed that it required nearly double the weight or pressure to break the former, than had been found sufficient to divide the latter. The reason of this, on inspecting the fracture, was self-evident: for the bone of the bred-horse was compact and solid like marble; whereas that of the cart-horse was remarkably porous, very hollow, and made up at the condyles interiorly with a crumbling coarse spongy substance. On subjecting them to the balance, he found that the cannon-bone of the blood-horse out-weighed that of the cart-horse by nearly two pounds avoirdupois, though it was so much smaller. Here, then, appears a satisfactory proof, that the corporeal strength of a horse resides in the fabric of the skeleton, and not altogether in its size, or geometrical proportion of the general structure. And let it be remembered, that what is termed strength in a cart-horse, means nothing more than the purchase he contributes to the draught; and which is effected more by his weight, strictly speaking, than by his strength. The blood-horse in work, will always wear down the heavier cattle, whether in hunting, or on the road, arising from his greater capability of enduring fatigue. This fact is well known to coach-masters, who select blood-horses for the severe duty of the mail-coaches.

If

If then, to greater strength of bone, we add superior courage, communicated through the region of the nerves to every sense which enforces spirit and action, the real cause why one horse, or one man, shall excel or outstrip another, unfolds itself to the inquisitive mind in such a manner as to carry conviction on the face of it; and this will be further confirmed, by a slight investigation of the animal physiology, which teaches that the nervous system is the only medium by which activity, spirit, and vigour, are communicated to the corporeal frame. Hence those who are emulous of what is termed riding in style, of being carried with speed and safety over the ground, endeavour to purchase horses of high mettle and courage; for such as are prone to stumble or fall, inherit but a small portion of these valuable ingredients.

Method of Strengthening the Sight by Concave Glasses.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

THE late Mr. Baldwin, of Prescot, in this county, well-known from his aerial excursion from Chester, used generally, when walking or going on his ordinary business, to wear concave spectacles, which he always removed when he read, wrote, or did any thing which required distinct vision. The reason he assigned for a custom so singular appeared to me so ingenious and well founded, that I often urged him to publish the discovery, which I believe he intended to have done, but as I do not recollect to have seen it in any periodical work, and conceive that the idea deserves serious attention, I shall endeavour to communicate it in as concise a manner as possible.

It is well known that the eye grows flatter as a person advances in life, in consequence of which the focus falls past the retina, and produces confused vision. To remedy this evil convex glasses are applied, which, by converging the rays, throw the image more distinctly on the retina. Mr. Baldwin's sight was naturally weak, and he had formerly, like other persons in a similar situation, worn convex glasses, 'till it occurred to him, that, if he accustomed himself to the use of concave glasses, the flatness of the eyes would be gradually counteracted. On making the experiment, he found that it answered his expectations so fully, that he soon was enabled to see very well with glasses of a slight concavity, and on removing them could read the smallest print, or mend a pen with great ease.

I repeated the experiment, and am fully convinced that very beneficial effects may be derived from the habit. I began with No. 1, and afterwards used No. 2, through which in a short time I could see very well, and always found my sight evidently refreshed and strengthened.

Many facts which daily present themselves render Mr. Baldwin's theory very probable.

Short or long sight, though often natural defects in the form of the eye itself, may be materially aggravated by habit; thus watchmakers, engravers, &c. who work with the eye near the bench, also females who sew very fine work, generally acquire short sight; and, on the contrary, those whose usual employment precludes the possibility of having the eye near the usual object of contemplation, become long-sighted.

It seems very evident that Mr. Baldwin's idea is just, for the following reasons.

When a glass of slight concavity is first applied to a long-sighted person, or to one who has been accustomed to wear convex glasses, the eye, which possesses the wonderful property of adapting itself to various distances, and an infinite variety of circumstances, instantly braces up, andby its effort to see clearly becomes more convex; and by persevering in the use of these glasses the muscles of this organ probably acquire the habit of retaining the convexity thus obtained; which may still be increased by the gradual adoption of deeper concaves.

If this reasoning is true, there can be little doubt but that the application of convex glasses to short sighted persons in the early stages of that defect might also be productive of good effects.

Though I am well aware that the consideration of this subject requires more investigation than I can bestow upon it, yet I could not, in justice to the ingenious Mr. Baldwin, refrain from preferring his claim to a discovery which promises to be no mean addition to our present state of information on so very interesting a subject.

In hope, Sir, that some person competent to the task will investigate this subject as thoroughly as its importance deserves, I remain, Sir, &c.

EGERTON SMITH.

Liverpool, November 12, 1805.

REFLECTION.

A Modest demeanour in young females is much more graceful than gaudy attire. A neat and plain dress is more comfortable and becoming than that which is in the extreme of the fashion.

Answer, by Palemon, of Mevagissey, to Primrose's Enigma, inserted October 7.

MAY LIBERTY, and dove-ey'd peace be found,
In every realm, the extensive globe around!

☞ We have received similar answers from J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Day, of Winborne; P. Gove, and J. Lake, of Exeter; Sylvanus, of Awliscombe; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; and P. Codd, and J. Codd, of Dean Prior.

Answer, by J. Chubb, of Exeter, to T. Tanner's Rebus, inserted October 14.

COFFEE's the berry, without doubt,
Will make your rebus clearly out.

*** Similar answers have been received from R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; Recluse, of Awliscombe; J. Lewis, of Poole; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; M. Duncan, of Plymouth; Palemon, of Mevagissey; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; J. Lake, of Exeter; and T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells.

Answer, by R. Perring, of Kingsbridge, to P. Gove's Enigma, inserted October 7.

O'ER old Neptune's foaming ocean,
From the sultry Indian shore,
Glides the ship in gentle motion,
Laden with TOBACCO's store.

*** Similar answers have been received from John Woodman, jun. of North Curry; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; J. Codd, and P. Codd, of Dean Prior; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; Adrianus; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; Palemon, of Mevagissey; J. Lewis, of Poole; and J. Day, of Winborne.

A CHARADE, *by W. E. of Lyme.*

ONE glance, ye gents. from your discerning eye,
The faint disguise will in a moment fly,
An equal state you quickly will explore;
Lastly a title, and it needs no more.

O! may my ever-pleasing whole be found
By us, ere we must quit this mortal ground;
Unaw'd we then could view that fiery day
When earth, and seas, and skies will melt away.

A CHARADE, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

A Term for gentle, soft, and kind,
Sagacious youths, must be defin'd,
If you'd my first reveal;
What oft the vet'ran's forc'd to do,
The foe o'er rivers to pursue,
My second doth conceal:

These parts, arrang'd in order true,
An English town appears to view.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The BRITISH HERO's FALL.

LONG had the pow'rs combin'd of France and Spain,
Threat'n'd (but all their boasting threats how vain!)
Destruction to the sons of Britain's isle,
Whilst Britain's goddess heard them with a smile.
Secure, yet anxious for her nation's good,
Confiding in her native strength she stood
High on a rock, above the watry plain,
And view'd her floating bulwarks on the main;
Her fleets, which ages past might justly boast,
Long the defence and safeguard of her coast.
At the grand sight her noble bosom swell'd,
With rage indignant and with glory fill'd;
Her senate summon'd, at her dread command,
The sages of the isle around her stand;
And whilst their country's love burns in each breast,
Her sons conven'd, the goddess thus address'd:

" To strike a deadly blow at Gallic pride,
" And crush the haughty dons who with them side,
" Far to the south let yon proud squadron sail,
" When first great Jove shall send a pros'prous gale;
" There, in a shelter'd bay, secure they'll find
" The hostile navy of the pow'rs combin'd;
" This instant to my fleet make known my will,
" The chief command I give to Nelson's skill;
" His courage well I know—then bid him go,
" And deal destruction to the haughty foe;
" Let British valour now again be tried,
" And death and ruin o'er the foe preside;
" Nor let the battle cease 'till colours fall,
" And British thunder terrifies them all."

The senate now dismiss'd, one straight proceeds
To give the word which leads to mighty deeds;
The gallant hero heard the mandate giv'n,
And for a prosp'rous breeze implor'd high Heav'n;
In prompt obedience to the high command,
His ships, with sails unfurl'd, to southward stand.
And now approaching to the fatal shore,
Round which the ocean, stain'd with human gore,
Was destin'd soon to be the common grave
Of friends and foes committed to the wave.
The hostile fleet our hero soon descried,
Where deep within the bay they safely ride;
The sight of Nelson fills them with dismay,
Nor dare they yet to venture on the sea,
'Till lur'd by fewer numbers forth they come,
And leave their shores to find a watry tomb!

The rage for battle now with fury burns,
Each fleet to threat destruction seems by turns;
The foe a formidable crescent forms,
Inviting the attack from British arms.

And

And now prepar'd to strike the fatal blow,
The British move, majestically slow;
The hero of the Nile conducts the van,
Whilst love of glory stimulates each man.
The fight commences! and the crescent broke,
The fleets are now involv'd in clouds of smoke;
Broadsides exchang'd, with a tremendous roar,
Echo from sea to sky, from shore to shore;
At length, th' unequall'd contest long sustain'd,
The British arms the victory obtain'd.
But ere the splendid triumph was complete,
Ere the proud foe was silenc'd by defeat,
Time's records shew what Britons long will mourn,
Their hero from the arms of glory torn;
Ere victory the gallant chief had crown'd,
Imperious fate had struck the mortal wound!
But fame relates how gloriously he fell,
To hear of which each heart with love must swell:
"Let each man do his duty," faint he cries,
Casts a last look around, and calmly dies!

High on a throne, on Britain's tow'ring heights,
Her goddess now in anxious hope awaits
The tidings from her fleet; when from afar,
Borne on the winds, lo! a triumphal car
Arriv'd, and seated at Britannia's feet,
Victory and fame with due submission wait;
Fame opes her scroll, and strives to hide her pain,
Whilst she displays the names of heroes slain;
And victory brings the crown, of texture rare,
Design'd for Nelson, had he liv'd, to wear,
Which, since the gods have call'd the hero home,
She now presents to grace his honour'd tomb!

What tongue can speak, what language e'er express
The various feelings which, in turn, possess
Britannia's bosom? Now o'erwhelm'd with grief,
A transient gleam of joy now gives relief.
Solemn she sate, awhile deep silence reign'd,
'Till gratitude at length burst unrestrain'd.

"O Pow'r Supreme! beneath whose sov'reign sway,
"Nations are bless'd who thy commands obey.
"For signal mercies, late vouchsaf'd to mine,
"Accept the praise now offer'd at thy shrine.
"Thro' thee the threats of foes are render'd vain,
"Thro' thee I hold the empire o'er the main,
"And tho' thou will'st that chiefs should fall in fight,
"Yet this consoles—whatever is, is right!"
She ceas'd, nor durst the Almighty's will arraign,
Yet still the goddess mourn'd her hero slain!

Kingsbridge, December 4, 1805. TYRO.

BATTLE *of* TRAFALGAR.

A Game of billiards Collingwood of late
Play'd France and Spain—the *odds* were great!
Resolv'd to *beat* the pride of Spain and Gaul,
He *play'd* with Nelson's *cue*, and made each *ball:*
Foresaw each *hazard*—all his *strokes* were bold;
And fast towards the *game* his *cannon* told.
The stakes were honour and their nation's fame—
Score Colly *twenty-one*—Huzza—the *game!*

Weymouth, November 18, 1805.